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FIGURES TALK.

From a table of comparisons in Farm and Ranch the following figures show the market values of the stock interests of the South west as compared to the value of cotton and cotton seed products for 1903:

Live stock.....\$454,865,895
Cotton and seed....\$263,994,875

In this calculation the South-west includes Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Indian Territory. From this it will be seen that the cotton crop for one year is worth four-fifths as much as the entire stock interests, of all kinds, in the same territory. Get this in your mind for awhile and ponder over it and then say, if you can, that cotton is not worth considering in the makeup of towns.

But lest somebody say that the values of 1903, are an over estimate suppose we draw some comparisons on the values of crops in 1901, taking Texas cotton alone as against the leading crops of other states:

Texas, cotton.....\$223,047,334
Iowa, corn.....119,736,556
Kansas, wheat.....58,456,789
N. Y., hay & forage 55,237,446
Illinois, oats.....45,012,761
Kentucky, tobacco 18,541,982
California, orchards 14,526,786
California, barley....11,617,108
Louisiana, sugar.....11,000,000
N. Dakota, flax seed...7,735,640
N. Y., buckwheat.....3,627,284
Wisconsin, rye.....2,663,205

Now, put the above figures in your mental incubator for a reasonable period and if that apparatus be in anything like fair trim it will hatch out a brood of healthy, robust chickens that will crow for very joy every time the fleecy staple is mentioned—provided of course that you can have your finger in the pie.

USELESS LIVES.

In speaking about useless lives I do not mean the helpless invalid who is dependent upon the members of the family for all his comforts, because frequently the home is the better for having in it a patient, loving, helpless one, whose cheerfulness will drive away the clouds that would otherwise make the sick room gloomy. But it is the surly man or woman that is useless in any home. The grumbling, complaining boy who is never satisfied, causes more heartaches, shatters more hopes, and is the direct cause of more sorrow and sickness or even death in a home. He casts a gloom over all who come near him, and creates doubt and irresolution by the sour visage he wears, and the reflection of his own dark thoughts causes others to lose their grip on the good things of life. He never considers it a duty to be pleasant or agreeable, or to add his mite to the social evening hour. He does not try to comfort some troubled heart, or restore peace to a wounded spirit. His clouds never have a silver lining that tell of sunshine somewhere in the heart.

Such a life is abnormal, useless and not far removed from insanity. While others smile, he frowns, a funny anecdote drives him sulking from the room, or he sits sullen and stolid in a corner.

Girls sometimes fall into the same dull, dejected habit, and go moping about in a dismal sort of way as if they had lost their last friend. While pretending to solicit pity, they re-

sent any attempt at familiarity and even the mother goes softly, taking sly glances to see if it would be safe to speak to the baughty girl. If love is any part of her nature, it has long since lost itself in the recesses of her selfish heart, and she never dreams that anything she could do for the happiness of others is her bounden duty to perform. She does not know that a smile or a kind word is more precious in the home than much culture and a cold, selfish life.—Word and Works.

Got Rid of the Ticks.

Hiram Butler has been dipping his cattle in Beaumont oil to free them from ticks. Mr. Butler, who ranches on Lipan, states that he dipped his cattle about a month ago and they haven't a tick on them now. The vat in which he dipped them held about 500 gallons of oil and water, and also contained about a hundred pounds of sulphur. Mr. Butler intended to use about half a gallon of crude oil to the animal. As the oil on the water was splashed out he continued to add oil to the water in the vat. Mr. Butler added: "In about five days after I dipped my cattle they were entirely free from ticks, and I regard this remedy as the best that can be devised for this matter. I shall dip all my cattle again in the spring. I dipped my horses also this time, mainly to cure them of Spanish itch, but the dipping did not seem to be much of a cure for that. I think the sulphur was not strong enough."

There seems to be more complaint than usual this year among the cattlemen about the ticks. It is said the troublesome pests are more numerous this year than for many years past, especially on those ranches which have river frontage, and the cattlemen are all discussing the various remedies which are advanced as "a sure thing for ticks."

The plan of feeding salt and sulphur is not regarded as a safe one for the reason that cattle, after eating the mixture, are liable to lose their hair if they get wet, and the cows, it is said, are apt to shirk their calves, but it is claimed that this will surely take the ticks off. The patent preparations of stock salt are not regarded as of much aid in removing ticks.

Ernest Abbott, a well-known stockman, fed his cattle salt and sulphur. He said he was advised to use one gallon of sulphur to a sack of salt, but he used two parts of salt to one of sulphur. Two weeks after, in riding over his pasture, he noticed the cattle were free from ticks.

C. G. Burbank of Menard county has also been feeding sulphur and salt, and it is reported that Mr. Burbank says this is a fine remedy.

Millions for the Finder.

The English expedition, which has returned to San Francisco from Cocos Island, after a fruitless search for treasure buried by the Peruvian government sixty years ago, should try its luck in the Zuyder Zee. There is at the present moment lying at the entrance of the Zuyder more than a million pounds, which was lost over a century ago. On the night of October 9, or 10, 1799, H. M. S. Lutine was totally wrecked off Vileland. She was a thirty-two-gun frigate, captured by the French from Admiral Duncan, and she went down with hullion and specie to the amount of 1,175,000 pounds, and all her crew save one man, who died before reaching England. Divers recovered about 100,000 pounds and the rest must be somewhere at the bottom of the "Southern sea." The Lutine's bell, recovered from the rapidly shifting sands off Vileland, now hangs in Lloyd's and is tolled whenever a wrecked is announced.

Power of Habit.

"That fellow Bonner you introduced me to is the most reckless prevaricator I ever met."
"Yes, but he doesn't mean any harm by it. It's an irresistible habit with him—something like kleptomania, you know."
"Was born a liar, eh?"
"No, not quite that; but he served four years as official weather fore-caster."

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New York's Big Population.

New York city now contains more people than there were in the American colonies when they achieved their independence. It has a million more inhabitants than the Kingdom of Greece, over a million more than the Kingdom of Serbia, is nearly equal in population to the Kingdom of Portugal, and also lacks not much of equalling the Kingdom of Holland. It has a larger population than any of the Central American republic and more than any South American nation. It has about twice the population of Denmark and more than twice that of Norway.

A Question of Time.

A foppish-looking young man stepped into a country store, and glancing disdainfully around at the half dozen customers and loafers opened conversation with the store-keeper.

"Is that clock right, up there?"
"Of course it's right up there. Where did you s'pose it was?"
"I mean is it right?"
"Let's see—we had two of them; this one's left."

"What I want to know is, does it keep time?"
"Oh, no; time flies right along as usual."

"Well, if it doesn't keep time, why do you leave it up there?"
"Oh, we let it run down occasionally."

"Sir, it strikes me—"
"Begging your pardon, it don't. It sometimes strikes one, but it never strikes nothing. Good day—good day. What's your hurry?"

Two Diminutive Monarchs.

"It is curious," says the London Chronicle, "that Nicholas II, one of the greatest of living monarchs, should also be one of the smallest—from the physical point of view—and had he carried out this intention of visiting the King of Italy, we should have been treated to the spectacle of a meeting between two of the shortest sovereigns of their time. Yet, the czar, however small and slight as regards inches of King Victor Emmanuel II, who requires to get into the saddle, like Napoleon III, before he can be seen at his best. There is nothing in the appearance of Nicholas II to suggest his sonship to Alexander III, who was almost a giant, or of Victor Emanuel to recall the burly soldier-like figure of his father and his grandfather, the rollicking, fiercely mustached Re Galantuomo."

A Barber's "Good Thing."

There is a millionaire in New York whose summer home is 42 miles from the Bowery. Every Sunday a barber visits him to shampoo and shave him. This artist he keeps provided with a thousand mile railroad ticket, besides which he gives him \$3 for his services each Sunday. Thus Signor Tonsor has a pleasant outing and nets \$3. The millionaire has a seam in his head that he does not care to expose in a barber shop.

Two of a Kind.

"A man needn't be afraid of lightning as long as he can see it approaching," said the would-be-humorist.
"Same way with a bullet," observed the solemn party with a far off look in his off optic.

Drugs to Be Tabooed.

One of the dreams of medical men is likely to be realized in the near future, it is said. Few drugs will be swallowed or taken into the stomach unless needed for the direct treatment of that organ itself. By the medium of electric currents drugs will be applied to various organs through the skin and flesh and the treatment will be painless.

Navy Hires Expert Roach Killer.

The American navy has engaged the services of an expert cockroach killer, who will attempt to eradicate these insects from all the vessels in the navy in Atlantic waters, as well as in the various buildings at the Atlantic coast navy yard. This man has been at work on some of the vessels of the North Atlantic squadron with excellent results. He received \$100 a ship, but it is understood that a special arrangement has been made with him by the navy department under the terms which he will receive in the future only \$50 a ship.

Cost of Carnegie Libraries.

Carnegie libraries cost something. Mr. Carnegie recently said: "I have helped found 760 libraries and have 800 more under advisement." This will make, say, 1,500 in all. During last year he gave 158 library buildings, at a cost to him of \$6,679,000, so the average cost of the buildings is \$42,270, and 1,500 of them will aggregate \$63,405,000. Now, under the contract with Carnegie, the cities blessed must tax themselves annually 10 per cent of the cost of the buildings to provide funds for their maintenance. This would be \$6,340,500 every year in addition to the interest on more than \$30,000,000 paid by the cities for library sites. By these transactions the libraries will cost Mr. Carnegie each year, at 5 per cent interest on his investment, \$3,170,250, while the interest to the cities at the same rate will be \$7,840,500, or two and a half times as much.

An Aged Fire Fighter.

Henry J. Eaton, the old fire chief of Hartford, has surprised the board of commissioners and the city by asking to be retired on half pay. It seems a reasonable request from a man 72 years old, who has been a fireman for fifty-three years, and chief engineer for thirty-five, although the commissioners were extremely complimentary to him and wanted him to take back his letter, he says he has made up his mind and means it. Chief Eaton has been an interesting and very original feature in Hartford life, and he will remain that, even if his days of splendid courage and leadership are over. He comes of the old Tolland family of Eatons, and the late United States Senator W. W. Eaton was a cousin.

The Sons of Garibaldi.

Italian journals recently announced that Ricciotti Garibaldi, the younger son of the eminent warrior, was planning an extensive trip of exploration in Patagonia. His brother, Menotti, who died the other day, took little interest in politics, although he accepted the place of a deputy for a time, soon resigned and devoted himself to agriculture in the Campagna Romana. His relations with the royal family were pleasant, and he is even said to have received financial aid from that source. His death recalls the fact that in 1840, a few months before he was born, his mother followed her husband into the midst of the battle, and fought her way, revolver in hand, until her horse was shot. She was captured, but managed to escape three days later.

His Ideal of a Church.

At a convention of Universalist preachers in Detroit last week the Rev. Howard B. Bard, of Lansing said his conception of an ideal church was one with a large gymnasium, reading room and smoking room, "where the young man can go without fear of being dragged into a prayer meeting. I do not encourage smoking," he added, "but if your son, brother or husband does smoke, don't let him go down town to a place where the whole atmosphere is full of vice. Let him smoke in the place where there is no danger of being ruined. Therefore providing a smoking room in your church."

Was Speaker for Five Minutes.

In mentioning the names of living ex-speakers of the United States house of representatives one is invariably overlooked. There lives in Auburn, at the ripe age of 79, a rich banker of the name of Theodore Medad Pomeroy. He has an office in New York at 65 Broadway, is vice president of the American Express Company and a director of the National Express Company. Mr. Pomeroy was elected speaker of the house on the 3rd of March, 1869, to succeed Schuyler Colfax, who had been elected vice president and resigned the speakership to be inducted into the higher office. Speaker Pomeroy served five minutes.

The Blase Shah.

The Shah of Persia, who received some months ago from his English friends the Order of the Garter, is said to have the most tired appearance of any of the reigning sovereigns. His eyes are wearied by the sight of every luxury. During his visit to England all the statuary was removed from Marlborough house out of regard for his susceptibilities, but he showed small interest in his surroundings. One toy did excite his interest, however, and this was a tiny jeweled bird, which sang delightfully. The shah shoots excellently and has only sixty-odd wives, as company with the 1,720 of his predecessor.

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